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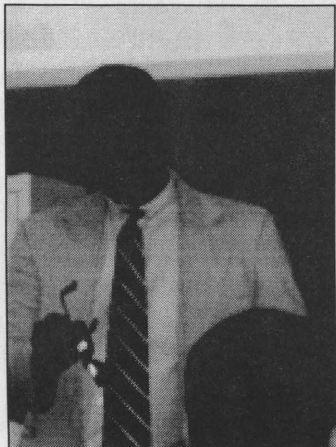
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Bobby Seale, Former Black Panther, Speaks at 1st Convocation of Season



by Wendy Nine

Bobby Seale, co-founder of the Black Panther movement wore a black beret, with the yellow words that stood out, "Seize the Time-Reach," as he addressed the gathering of faculty and students in the first convocation of the year. An icon of the radical politics of the sixties, Bobby

Seale takes us to the time that many of us have only read about in our history books — the era of the Vietnam war, racial strife, gender inequality, and Rosa Parks.

Bobby Seale was born in 1936 in Dallas, Texas. He grew up to become an architect. He also served as an aircraft and structural mechanic in the U.S. airforce. His great influences were Martin Luther King Jr. Malcolm X and Nelson Mandela.

The Black Panther movement, which was a militant group advocating power for oppressed people, began after the death of Malcolm X. So many blacks had been killed ruthlessly and the killers weren't being punished. So Seale and a friend, Huey

P. Newton, combined their efforts in giving the power back to the people. Not just the black people, but all people. "Red power to the red people, black power to the black people, white power to the white people, yellow power to the yellow people," Seale stated.

Seale said that there were at one time 5,000 members and 45 chapters of the Black Panthers. "We were not hoodlums and thugs; I liked to read, I hated crime."

Throughout Seale's presentation we were taken back to the Chicago Eight Conspiracy trial where Seale's 6th Amendment right, the right to have an attorney of your choice, was denied. After arguing with the judge, Seale

was bound and gagged for three days inside the courtroom. He won that case. The Black Panthers won 95% of all their cases. Seale also took us inside the movement where he danced and sang a common song of the Panthers. "Power to the people, right on, right on." Seale also found it necessary to emphasize the releases of his new books, his autobiography of his experiences and a barbecue cookbook.

Seale believes a change has taken place since the late sixties and early seventies in regards to racism. "It used to be many blacks were killed; people got away with that. Today you can't get away with that. Education is the basis for human liberation."

Students Travel to El Portillo

by Angela Hatem

Sometimes the walk from the library to Marian Hall seems like a never ending journey. It takes about five minutes on a sidewalk to get to class.

This summer members of the Marian community learned that for students in the village of El Portillo it could take hour on an unpaved trail. Students Shana Mitchell and Amy Fortwendel, accompanied by Sister Roseanne Taylor, went to El Portillo to be of assistance to the war devastated village. Due to the El Salvador Civil War, the villagers, who are mostly corn and rice farmers, were forced out

of the area and put in refugee camps in Honduras. Seven years later they returned to find

very little left.

In response to the villager's plight St. Pius church

donated funds to be used in helping the people. Mitchell said, "We didn't want to force anything on the people, so during the first week we got to know them, went to their town

council meetings. We wanted to find out what they needed."



they can travel over the rough terrain.

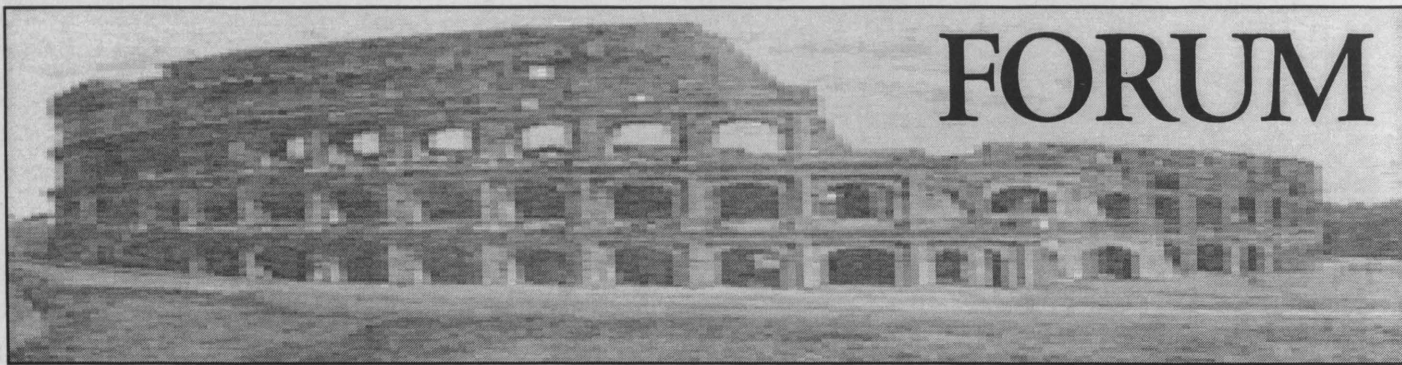
The village consists of roughly a 155 people. They share the little that they have. But their lack of worldly goods

did not inhibit their hospitality to the students.

"They were very hospitable," Mitchell said. "It was very inspiring to see people who have nothing share what they do have."

While there were many goals for this mission, one in particular was continuing the education of the teens in El Portillo. Either because of the long walk or having to work to help support the family, many students have to quit school. There are also hopes of building a park as a source of recreation, and possibly selling many of the bracelets and

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FORUM

Seale's Visit Strikes A Chord With Student

The Civil Rights Movement has always been a series of video clips and vignettes emblazoned in my mind. It was a movement of history, but never a personal reality. The words, "I Have a Dream" ring clearly in my mind, but not in my memory.

I am the product of marches, boycotts, sit-ins, and racial disharmony--things that I thankfully never knew.

The visit from Bobby Seale put a face on history. He was more than a series of clips and sound bytes; he was a walking link to my legacy. Seale was a face for the struggle. Listening to him stand up on a stage and offer us glimpses into his past, my past-was powerful. More importantly, Seale made me realize how far African Americans have come, and how very far we have to go. In the 1990's, the color of my skin is still a stigma.

Over the past three decades, African Americans have made great strides regarding social reform, but we still have a long way to go.

Socially, I can go wherever

and sit with whomever I please. I don't have to pay deference to a white person, simply because they are white. But despite these gains in social acceptance, we as a race have not made gains in social mobility. We are still imprisoned in disproportionate numbers; our access to quality education is severely limited, which in turn hampers our entrance into jobs that offer social prestige. All is not equal in America.

Whether we wish to acknowledge it or not, the issue of racism and social inequality begins and ends with each of us. If you want your personal rights to be important to me, it is only respectful that mine be equally important to you. Racism and oppression will destroy the bridge of harmony, but dialogue will be the foundational structure. As we grow to understand one another, we will replace our xenophobia with compassion. It isn't about Black's looking for a handout; it is about trying to find harmony and understanding.

--Keyla Jones

Thanks to Michelle Egan and Debra Montgomery for designing our new nameplate

The Carbon is a publication
of the students of Marian College
with assistance from
JOU 205 Newswriting and
JOU 260 Desktop Publishing.

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Angela Hatem

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Love, Marriage, and Breadmakers

Three and a half days into my marriage the difference between male and female thought hit me like a ton of bricks, or should I say, a ton of gifts. We, my wife and I, were packing the car for the long road trip from California to Indianapolis for school. While this may not sound too traumatic, you have to keep in mind that sorting through gifts from one hundred-ninety guests to packing a Volkswagen does present some difficulty. Now, on to the difference between male and female thought.

Because we will only be in Indianapolis for nine months, I thought we would pack what we truly need to survive. Perhaps my wife thought the same, but if so our ideas on necessity certainly differed.

Maybe it is the nomadic life-style of a travelling bike racer that made me this way, but I am convinced that a person can live out of a large duffel bag. My wife, on the other hand, found it beyond comprehension that we could live for nine months without a breadmaker, two sets of silver ware, three french hens, two turtle doves, etc.

So, it is from these very different perspectives that we begin packing the car. One of us trying to put as little as possible in the car, and the other

trying to cram it so full that opening a door, any door, would cause, an avalanche of housewares.

Needless to say my idea of travelling light quickly was declared null and void, and the attempt to cram six or so acres of wedding presents into a car the size of a large box began. This process proved quite successful, to me a least, as we squeezed twelve or so times the amount of stuff into my car I thought humanly possible.

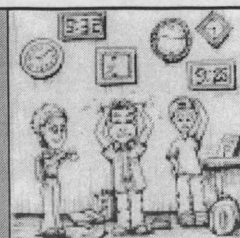
Of course, I was alone in this thought. My wife was convinced there was still room. So we took stuff out and we put stuff in, and we took other stuff out and we put the same stuff back in. This process lasted a few hours, though it felt to me like weeks and then we finally agreed (hallelujah) that the car was full, or at least we were too tired to stuff anything else into it.

As it turned out, my wife was right, as usual, and we have used everything we packed, and honestly we could have used a lot of the stuff we didn't pack. Of course, that won't stop me from arguing until eternity that we could have gotten by with a couple of duffel bags and maybe a sleeping bag for the winter.

-- Ryan Barrett

OOPS.....

Lily Romo's name was inadvertently omitted from the cartoon byline of last week's editorial page. It won't happen again.



Prepare ye the way for *Godspell* auditions

by: Denise Stockdale

Start practicing your scales and boning up on your dance moves the Performing Arts Department will soon be auditioning for this season's musical *GODSPELL*.

Auditions for this show will be held on October 18 & 19 from 7:00-10:00 PM in the music building. Students get out your dancing shoes and prepare to sing; because audition time is right around the corner.

Tom Evans, a nationally recognized director, will direct Marian's production of *GODSPELL*. Evans retired last May as the head of Hanover College's Theatre Department. His work has been seen in New York and many professional regional houses.

Commenting on the type of person he is looking to cast in the show, Tom states, "I be-

lieve that skill, coupled with appropriate singing skill, supported with an outgoing and warm personality, and a sense of game playing fun will be the cornerstones on which to build a fine production."

Hopefuls should prepare a song from the score or one that is in the style of the character for which they are auditioning. Come dressed to move there will be movement auditions. Also, a comic monologue should be memorized and ready to be performed. There are copies of monologues for both men and women available in the Music Building.

Rehearsals begin January 11, 2000 and performance dates are February 18, 19, 25, & 26 at 8:00 PM and 20 and 27 at 2:00 PM. For further information, please contact Philip Kern at extension 6108.

Mentalist Amazes Students

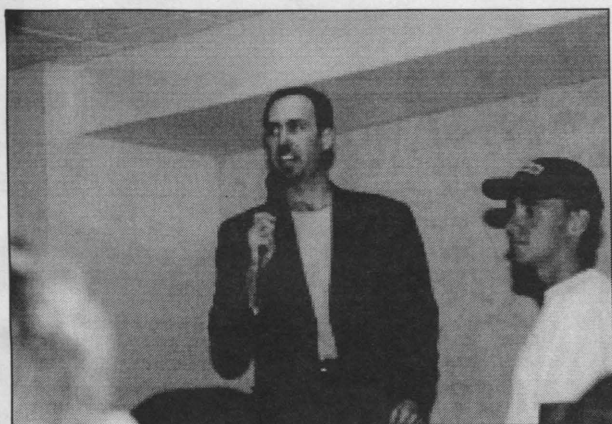
by: Kevin Branigan

I saw a guy guess the serial number on a \$20 bill while he was blindfolded and was 100 percent correct. Pretty freaky huh?

On September 16. Chris Carter, a mentalist, A.K.A. mind "messer", did exactly that

At first, I was skeptical because I have never seen someone like this before. I am now convinced that some people do have a sort of mind power that they can think on the same brain wave as me. For instance, Carter, with the help

o f
t w o
aides,
p u t
t w o
silver
d o l
l a r s
o v e r
h i s
eyes,
then
taped
them
i n t o



at the Ruth Lilly Center. He does not want to be proclaimed as a psychic or a mind reader because they do infomercials on TV with 900 numbers.

place. Next, he put a blindfold on and then added a few more strips of tape. An aid went out into the crowd and picked a few objects students

Continued on page four



by Angela Havem

*I've got to pick
a pocket or two*

I am about to sell blood, plasma, even fingernail clippings just to scrape together some kind of financial security. I am in debt. The kind of debt that makes your head spin, your eyes water, your hair turn gray, and your Discover Card melt in the ATM. I now understand why my parents complain about milk being \$2.12.

It's not as if I am exceedingly lazy. I work three jobs. But I am sick. I have a disease that I have never discussed in public. I have a shopping disorder. It has been something I have coped with since I was a small child. The mall to me was a world of wonder. All those pretty Big Bird puppets and rubber duckies would go splendidly with my Sesame' Street motif. As I got older my condition worsened. At sixteen I went into the makeup store for a small bottle of foundation. I left with my own cosmetics line. I would have dreams of Fabrage eggs, 3/4 sweaters at Target, and those cute black sandals at Payless. It was so overwhelming.

Then came the fateful day when I had my first-- my first Visa. Ah, she was a beauty. She was a silvery color and had my name bulging from the plastic. At first I bought only the necessities--gas for the car, weekly trips to Jiffy Lube, and expensive French cuisine. But once I beheld the unbridled power of credit I was toast. From that day on I charged useless crap like it was my job. After I had purchased six ATV's, 3 Mountain Bikes, and 10 cell phones for my closest friends, my father thought that it was time to put some distance between me and Visa.

Now I have found something even more fun and easier to ruin my credit rating-- a checking account. When I first opened the blasted thing, I thought, "Money, out of sight, money, out of mind." That lasted for a mini-second, and the next thing I knew checks were bouncing off the walls. I have recently discovered that my total amount of bank fees is equal to half the national debt and the price of building of miniature-replica of Ft. Knox. I am that close to

wearing clothes made of Glad Bags and carrying around a bottle of Jack Daniels in a brown paper bag.

So here I sit pondering any and every get-rich-scheme that comes to my attention. I really don't want to ask my family for a loan. This is something I have to work out myself. I have seriously contemplated becoming a professional surrogate mother. As I see it, all I have to do is carry around someone else's kid for a few months, pop it out, give it away, boda bing boda boom I got ten grand. Besides the money I get to kick back and eat chocolate ice cream and pickles. I do that now for free; I should at least be paid for something I am good at. I'll be a rented human incubator.

I have also thought about selling organs. Any organ that I can get rid of without lapsing into a coma. I heard on the black market they go for a nice price. Are you looking for a nice, healthy pancreas? Well I have just the pancreas for you. In mint condition, in its early 20's, and still under warranty. It can be all yours for a reasonable multi-thousand dollar fee. If interested, inquire at the Carbon office.

As wrong and as evil as this sounds I am even thinking about digging a rickety wheel chair out of someone's trash, borrowing someone's dark-lensed sunglasses, grabbing a really big tin can and sitting in the mall. I wouldn't go so far as to make a sign that says homeless or sick, but if I happen to start voluntarily twitching in my chair, and people throw crumpled bills in my tin can I am really not misleading anyone. All I would really be doing is making a fashion statement. If someone just so happens to misinterpret the situation it wouldn't really be my fault.

Ed McMahon better get on the ball and send me my check. If not, I'll be clipping more coupons than usual and considering food stamps. If anyone is interested in contributing to the SAVE HATEM fund I am not opposed to charity, but remember if you are going to give, give generously.

Playing Fore A Good Cause

by: Kevin Branigan

Over the summer, when students were preparing to enter college life, the members of the "M" Club were hitting the links for a good cause

The "M" Club is a group of former varsity athletes who encourage participation in the Athletic Department and support and promote the athletic endeavors of Marian College. Essentially, the club raises funds for the school.

The golf outing at Maple Creek Country Club is an annual event. On August 12, seventy-two golfers with clubs in hand, participated. In return, Marian received money the athletic department, as well as a scholarship fund in honor Pat Harper, a former member of the Board of Trust-

ees at Marian and city known humanitarian who died of cancer in the summer of 1998.

Kurt Guldner, "M" club coordinator, recalled Harper as, "one of the nicest and most giving people," he has ever met. Guldner cannot think of any other way to keep Harper's spirit alive than to keep a scholarship in his name. "It's what Pat would have wanted," Guldner said.

Money raised also goes towards the plaques on the Wall of Fame, which hangs in the P.E. Center. The people on the wall were not just great athletes or coaches, but outstanding citizens as well. Having a plaque on the Wall of Fame is the highest honor the "M" Club offers. The Wall of Fame

inductions are held every year on the Saturday of Homecoming week.

Guldner also acknowledged 61' alumni, William T. Kelsey, chairman of the golf outing and member of the Board of Trustees and Major Schnieders, graduate of '70 for all there hard work.

Due to a lack of young support, Guldner hopes the current seniors will become members of the "M" Club upon graduation. If you have any questions, Guldner's telephone extension is 6310.

Portillo continued from page one
things the villagers make.

While guidance on the trips alternates amongst professors Mike Clark, Sue Blackwell, Christine Rack, and Roseanne Taylor; Clark will be accompanying students on the next trip which will be held over spring break.

Mitchell was so affected by her experience she plans to move to El Salvador after graduation. Mitchell said, "I want to walk on their journey and share in their experiences."

Carbon@marian.edu

On The Road To Nationals

by: Kevin Branigan

The Marian golf team returns all but one from last years Nationals team. In addition, the team adds freshman Matt Davis, Brent Liter, and Bill Speidel to the mix. "We're a fairly young team, but we expect a lot of ourselves because of our tournament experience we have from high school and college, (those of us returning)," sophomore

golfer Chad Speer said. The main season is in the spring, but the fall season has been productive. "The fall season gives us a chance to prove ourselves and prepare us for our main season," said sophomore Justin Werkley. The team has finished in second place in the three tournaments it has played so far.

Mentalist continued from page three

had and brought them up on stage. Carter did not touch the objects but he used his mind to figure out a video recorder case and a metal crucifix. Another trick he did was to turn on a light bulb with someone holding it and not being plugged in to any electrical device. Still to this day, I don't know how he did it

For his finale he told us that he had a sealed envelope in his pocket from Minnesota.

He did a show there the night before coming to Marian. He had four people stand up and asked; what is an ideal dream car, a favorite color, two letters from the alphabet, and how much change do you have with you? To my astonishment, when Carter opened the envelope it read, a Lexus, black, C and Z, and 27- the same exact answers of the four people. Now I know what a mentalist is and it's scary.

Tan Lines

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4933 W. 38th Street, Georgetown Plaza
Indianapolis, IN. 46254
317-293-6324

Student Prices

Single Unit	\$ 5.00	\$ 5.00
3 Sessions	\$13.50	\$10.00
6 Sessions	\$26.00	\$19.50
10 Sessions	\$39.95	\$30.00
15 Sessions	\$52.00	\$40.00
30 Day Package	\$59.95	\$59.95

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- Two HOOTERS girls in your favorite team's hat & jersey!!

**NOW TELL US ... ARE YOU READY
FOR SOME FOOTBALL AT HOOTERS???**

